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GRANDMA GIBBS OF THE RED CROSS

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No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts

Grandma Gibbs of the Red Cross

A Patriotic Comedy Drama in Four Acts

By

WALTER BEN HARE

Author of "Aaron Boggs, Freshman," "Abbu San of Old Japan," "Anita's Secret," "A Bird in the Hand," "The Boy Scouts," "The Boy Who Hated Grammar," "Bride and Groom," "Civil Service," "A College Town," "Christmas with the Mulligans," "A Christmas Carol," "The Camp Fire Girls," "A Couple of Million," "Deacon Dubbs," "Doctor Funnibone's Hospital," "The Dutch Detective," "The Fascinators," "And Home Came Ted," "Her Christmas Hat," "The Hoodoo," "The Heiress Hunters," "Isosceles," "Kicked Out of College," "Laughing Water," "Little Miss Lonesome," "Macbeth à la Mode," "Mrs. Tubbs of Shantytown," "Much Ado About Betty," "An Old-Fashioned Mother," "A Pageant of History," "Professor Pepp," "Parlor Matches," "A Poor Married Man," "A Rustic Romeo," "Rose o' my Heart," "A Southern Cinderella," "Sewing for the Heavens," "Savageland," "A Temperance Victory," "Teddy," "The Wishing Man," "The White Christmas," etc.

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BOSTON

WALTER H. BAKER & CO.

1918

Grandma Gibbs of the Red Cross

CHARACTERS

GRANDMA GIBBS, *doing her bit in the Red Cross.*
KITTIE CLOVER, *her granddaughter, aged 18.*
MISS SAMANTHY SNAPP, *a Splinterville pessimist.*
MRS. WELLINGTON, *a city society leader.*
LORETTA MCBRIDE, *a country lassie.*
JANINE, *a French maid at the Wellingtons'.*
MISS CUMMINGS, *a Red Cross nurse.*
MISS BOYER, *her assistant.*
LIZZIE MCBRIDE, *aged 8.*
EDNA ALSTON, *the judge's daughter.*
EZRA GIBBS, *Grandma's youngest son.*
MIKE HANNIGAN, *a bad man.*
HAPPY JIM HANKINS, *a young farmer.*
COUSIN WELLINGTON, *a city banker.*
DEPUYSTER COTT, *a millionaire.*
DOCTOR DAWSON, *in the U. S. Medical Corps.*
MCGREGOR, *a dignified butler.*
CORPORAL SHANNON, *a wounded soldier.*
BUB MCBRIDE, *aged 6.*
THE BABY.

City Folks, Country Folks, Wounded Soldiers.

NOTE

This piece may be given by three men and seven women, if necessary. Ezra may double McGregor; the same actor may play Mike Hannigan, Cousin Wellington and Doctor Dawson; Jim Hankins may double DePuyster Cott and Corporal Shannon, thus reducing the cast to three men.

Samanthy may double Mrs. Wellington; Edna may double Janine.



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1918

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Grandma's home in the country. Off to war!

ACT II.—Three months later. Cousin Wellington's home in the city.

ACT III.—A year later. A hospital on the New England coast. "My boy, my boy!"

ACT IV.—Two months later. Christmas day with Grandma.

Grandma Gibbs of the Red Cross

ACT I

SCENE.—*A country "settin'-room."* Tall fireplace at rear c., with black mantel shelf. Old-fashioned furniture around stage. The managers should try to borrow all the real "old-timey" pieces of furniture, bric-à-brac, pictures, etc., in the neighborhood. Dresser down L. Settle down R. Old-fashioned cradle near fireplace. Entrances, R. to street, and L. to kitchen. Boiling kettle on crane in front of fireplace. Harmless chemicals in the kettle will cause smoke to issue from top, simulating steam. Tall clock at rear, ticking loudly. Small rocking-chair in front of fireplace. Table down L. Old-fashioned splint-bottom chairs around stage. Red cloth on table. Glass lamp on dresser. Brass candlesticks on mantel. Rag carpet on floor. A window may appear at rear, if desired, also a canary in a cage. Any other old-fashioned touches may be given to the scene by the manager, but be careful not to overcrowd the stage. Time, an afternoon in late September. Footlights and sidelights on full.

(KITTIE CLOVER is discovered seated at rear, knitting a sock and humming an old song very softly. There should be a somewhat lengthy pause after the curtain rises to give the audience time to absorb the scene.)

LORETTA MCBRIDE (*heard outside at rear, R., calling musically*). Oo, oo! Oo, oo, Kittie!

KIT. (*going to door, or window*). Hello, 'Retta. Coming in?

LOR. (*outside*). Just a minute. (*Enters R.*) Got sump'm for you.

KIT. For me?

LOR. Yep. A letter. (*Hands letter to KIT.*) I was down to the village when the mail came in and saw it in your box. I thought it might be important, so I brought it right up.

KIT. Thank you. Won't you take off your things and sit a while?

LOR. (*doing so*). Just a minute. Go on and read your letter, I'll excuse you.

(KIT. *opens letter and reads it thoughtfully.*)

KIT. (*after a pause, gives a gasp of surprise*). Oh!

LOR. (*full of curiosity*). Is it good news, Kittie?

KIT. I don't know. Maybe it is. If grandma'll let me go it's the best news in the world.

LOR. Go? Go where?

KIT. To the city. Oh, Loretta, it's been the dream of my life to go to the city. The music, the lights, the dancing, the roof gardens, the shows! Oh, 'Retta, if she'll only let me go.

LOR. To work, do you mean? Minty Spriggs got her a real good job in the city. She's a second girl, whatever that is.

KIT. No, not to work, to be a lady, a regular society bud like you read about in the papers. Cousin Wellington is awfully rich. They move in the very best social set in New York. (*Jumps up on table and sits there, swinging her feet.*) And he's invited me to visit them for two months.

LOR. Two months? Oh, Kittie! (*Seated at L.*)

KIT. He lives in a stone house with three stories and a garage. And a miranda runs all around the front. It's on Riverside Drive and the river is right in front of the house. I've read all about it in the Sunday Supplement. And Cousin Wellington's wife will bring me out.

LOR. Bring you out? Out of what?

KIT. Introduce me into society. They call it bringing you out. She'll help me make my debute,

LOR. What's that? A new kind of party dress?

KIT. No, it's your entrance into the upper circles. I'll wear a long-tailed dress of white and silver all trimmed with little pink rosebuds, and I'll do up my hair with a di'mond ta-rara.

LOR. Oh, Kittie, you'll look lovely.

KIT. And I'll meet dukes and duchesses and lords and ladies and millionaires. New York is just full of 'em now. Maybe I'll marry a title. A French marquis or an English earl.

LOR. Or a Turkish king.

KIT. I just love turkey.

LOR. Me, too. With oyster dressing.

KIT. My cousin knows everybody of importance in New York. He's awful rich. I'll bet he's got twenty thousand dollars. He owns a bank.

LOR. And when are you going?

KIT. The letter says as soon as I can get ready. Get ready? Humph, I'm ready now.

LOR. But you wouldn't leave Ezra and your grandma and the baby, would you?

KIT. It would only be for two months. And, oh, 'Retta, I'm so sick of Splinterville. Wouldn't you love to live in New York?

LOR. I don't believe I would. I wouldn't love to live any place, except with my own folks. Oh, Kittie, I believe Ezra's going to enlist.

KIT. Ezra! No, we couldn't spare Uncle Ezra. How could we get along?

LOR. Didn't it almost break your heart when they turned Jim Hankins down? Poor Jim! Just because he limped a little. I think he'd make a lovely soldier.

(Sits at rear and knits.)

KIT. *(seated on table)*. I know I'd make a hit in the city. Maybe I'd marry a millionaire.

LOR. Then what would Happy Jim do?

KIT. Do without, I reckon. I'm not going to tie myself down to Splinterville for the rest of my life. I want to see the world. I'm just dying to go to a big ball in New York. Sometimes I think that a New York

heiress must be the happiest person in all the world. Wouldn't you just love to live there, Loretta?

LOR. No, Kittie, old Splinterville's good enough for me.

KIT. I suppose you'll marry Uncle Ezra and settle down and live and die right here.

LOR. You say you think a rich New York girl is the happiest girl in all the world. I don't. I can't imagine anything more happy than a little rose covered cottage like this, with a fireplace and everything.

KIT. Cousin Wellington could do so much for me, if grandma would only let him. A visit of a couple of months wouldn't harm me, would it, 'Retta? (*Jumps down from table.*) Oh, I'm going to beg her so hard. I wish she'd hurry home. She spends six hours every day at the Red Cross rooms knitting for the soldiers. I've made a sweater and two pairs of socks myself. Be sure and stop by for me to-night on your way to the square. The train leaves at eight-thirty.

LOR. It'll be awful sad to see the boys leave. Just think, we're sending nineteen. Pretty good for little old Splinterville, I think. Susie Claypool's brother enlisted this morning, and Jim Ryker. Poor Clara!

KIT. It'll break her heart to have Jim go to war.

LOR. She won't think of it, Kittie, she'll only think of the need for troops. Our country is calling, dear, and our young men must go.

KIT. (*close to her*). What would you do if Uncle Ezra really did enlist?

LOR. I'd tell him to go and say, God bless you!

Enter from R. LIZZIE McBRIDE leading BUB McBRIDE.

LIZ. We've been down to the village. The soldiers is marching up Main Street. They're having a reg'lar pee-rade.

BUB. Soldiers. Marching up Main Street. Like this. (*Marches around.*) Hep, hep! hep, hep, hep!

LIZ. Say, Kittie, can we take the baby out in the front yard to play with? I want to play moving pictures and hide the baby in the apple tree. Then I'll rescue him.

LOR. Of course you can't, Lizzie. You and Bub go

on out and play. I'll be out in a minute and I'll take you home with me.

LIZ. Say, 'Retta, is Ezra goin' to join the army?

LOR. I don't know. Why?

LIZ. Oh, he'd make a awful good soldier. He gimme a nickel this morning, jest 'cause I'm your sister. I'm crazy about Ezra.

BUB. Ezra gimme a penny.

LIZ. (*to KIT.*). Say, Kittie, if your Uncle Ezra marries my sister 'Retta, what relation'll that make you?

LOR. Lizzie McBride, you take Bub and go out and play. I won't speak to you again.

LIZ. (*taking BUB to door R., turns and says in singsong tone*). 'Retta's got a beau, 'Retta's got a beau! Ezra Gibbs is 'Retta's beau.

KIT. Lizzie, ain't you ashamed of yourself to tease your sister?

LIZ. No, I ain't. Kittie's got a beau, too. Happy Jim Hankins is Kittie's beau.

LOR. (*going toward her*). You get out, young lady!

LIZ. Come on, Bub. (*At door R.*) 'Retta's mad and I am glad, 'cause 'Retta's got a beau!

BUB. 'Retta's got a beau! (*They go out at R.*)

KIT. Does she act that way all the time?

LOR. Nearly always.

KIT. Well, she's made a big mistake if she thinks Happy Jim Hankins is my beau.

LOR. Why, Kittie, don't you like him no more?

KIT. Yes, I like him well enough, but I'm going to the city and he'll probably forget all about me then.

LOR. Not Jim. He'll never forget you, Kittie.

(*Knock on door R.; KIT. opens it.*)

KIT. Why, it's Jim. Come in, Jim, we were just talking about you.

Enter HAPPY JIM HANKINS. He walks with slight limp.

JIM. I hope it was sump'm good.

LOR. Kittie, I've just got to go. Good-bye. Good-

bye, Jim. Kittie's got some news to tell you. (*At door R.*) I'll stop by for you to-night, Kittie, and we'll go down and see the soldiers leave. [*Exit, R.*]

JIM. Heard the news, Kittie?

KIT. What is it?

JIM. Ezra's going to enlist.

KIT. Honest?

JIM. He took the physical examination this afternoon. And he passed. They didn't turn him down like they did me. All the fellows in the county are going, and I have to stay at home like a slacker, just because I'm a little lame. It's hard, Kittie, when I want to go like I do. They might find something for me to do, even if it was only digging ditches or drivin' a truck. (*Turns aside, with emotion.*) But they turned me down, physically unfit, they turned me down.

KIT. (*close to him*). Don't you care, Jim, there's lots of ways you can help your country, just the same as if you were at the front. There's your farm, Jim, and your truck garden and grandma says the Red Cross couldn't get along without you.

JIM. Yes, they class me with a lot of girls and women just because I limp a little.

KIT. Oh, Jim, I've got the most wonderful news. I've got an invitation to go to the city. Cousin Wellington has asked me for two months. Isn't that grand?

JIM. And are you going?

KIT. I am if grandma'll let me.

JIM. And will she?

KIT. I don't know. She hasn't come home yet. Aunt Mary went to the city, you know. That's where she met Mike Hannigan. (*Sighs.*) Poor Aunt Mary!

JIM. And that's just the reason you'd ought to stay at home.

KIT. I guess I wouldn't marry a man like Mike Hannigan! I saw him once. The day of Aunt Mary's funeral, and he was awful. Grandma is afraid he'll come some day and take the baby away from us.

JIM. He'd better not try it.

KIT. That's the only thing that might keep her from letting me go. She's never forgiven herself for allow-

ing Aunt Mary to leave home. But it's different with me. I wouldn't look at a man like Mike Hannigan.

JIM. Don't go, Kittie. Stay home and you'll never regret it. Then maybe some day you and me might —

Enter EZRA GIBBS from R.

EZRA. Hello!

KIT. Hello, Ezra.

JIM. How did you make it, Ez?

EZRA. All right, I reckon.

KIT. Ezra, you're not going to join the army, are you?

EZRA. I reckon.

KIT. Oh, Ezra, what'll grandma say?

EZRA. That's what I'm going to find out. Where is she?

KIT. Down at the Red Cross office.

JIM. She's collecting.

EZRA (*at R.*). Collecting what?

JIM (*at L. C.*). Money. They've been at it all week. Trying to raise a thousand dollars.

EZRA. I reckon they'll need it. [*Exit, L.*]

KIT. (*sitting at L. and knitting*). Nineteen of the boys are going to leave to-night.

JIM. I know it. I'd give every cent I've got in the world if they'd take me.

KIT. Maybe they won't ever come back again.

JIM. If they don't they'll have the satisfaction of knowing that they have served their country.

Enter MISS SAMANTHY SNAPP from R.

SAM. Good-afternoon, Kittie! Afternoon, Jim Hannigan. I jest dropped in to tell you about your grandma. She collected five hundred dollars and over this afternoon for the Red Cross. The judge's daughter, Edny Alston, is drivin' her home in a carriage and she's got a white thing on her head, fer all the world like a show actress.

KIT. Miss Alston driving her home?

SAM. Yes, jest like a queen on a golden throne. (*Sits R.*) I never see sich a to-do as they're makin' about this here Red Cross. Everybody spendin' all their

time knittin' fer the soldiers. I ain't got a mite of patience with it. I don't believe in war, no way. And if I'm goin' to knit, I'll knit for myself. (*Fans herself.*)

JIM. But don't you want to help the boys, Miss Snapp? It'll be cold over there in France and they've got to have socks and sweaters and mittens to keep 'em warm.

SAM. I reckon they kin buy 'em. I don't believe in war, no way. If them countries over in Europe wanted to fight and kill off their men, it was their own business. The United States didn't have no call to git mixed up in it at all. If I was a man I wouldn't enlist and I wouldn't have nothin' to do with it. I don't believe in war.

JIM. I reckon you'd believe in war if the Germans were to land on our coast and swarm all over the country, making our men slaves and our women worse than slaves. If you'd see the suffering in Belgium and in northern France, Miss Snapp, I reckon 'twould change your mind.

SAM. But what I can't see is why we are mixed up in it at all.

JIM. Why, it's this way. You see the Kaiser was shootin' up our merchant ships with submarines—any old kind of ships. And our President says, "Cut it out, see! If you don't we're goin' to start something!" So the Kaiser cut it out. But after a while he saw he was losin', so he sent word to the President, "The lid's off—see! Makes no difference what ship it is; if she's found monkeyin' round the French or English coast, she gits it—see!" And then the President says, "All right, all righty. Then we fight—see!" So we declared war on Germany to protect our wives, our home and country, see!

Enter LIZ. and BUB from R., followed by other children.

LIZ. Oh, Kittie, your grandma's coming in a buggy with a white bunnet on and a red cross on it. She got over five hundred dollars and folks is all a-cheering her.

Enter EZRA from L. and LOR. from R. SAM. rises.

LOR. She's here, Kittie. With Miss Edna Alston in a buggy. Ain't you proud of her?

LIZ. (*looking out of the door*). Here she comes and Miss Alston, too.

LOR. Three cheers for Grandma Gibbs.

ALL. Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

Enter GRANDMA GIBBS from R., with EDNA ALSTON. They wear white dresses and white drapery on head with red cross in center.

GRAN. Fer the land sakes, what's all the fuss and commotion about?

LIZ. It's about you, grandma.

GRAN. The very idea! Don't you waste your time cheering fer me. There's too much work to be done. A hundred sweaters to be ready by Saturday.

LOR. Mine's nearly done.

GRAN. Finish it up to-night and git some more yarn for to-morrow. How's yours, Kittie?

KIT. (*holding up knitting just begun*). That's all I've had time to do.

GRAN. Too much Sunday papers. It looks more like a wristlet than a sweater. Come in, Miss Alston, and sit down. Ezry, get a chair for Miss Alston.

EDNA. I'm afraid I haven't time. You see I have a sweater to finish, too.

GRAN. Kittie, take this here doo-daddle off'n my head and pack up a nice lunch fer Thomas Kirk. He's goin' away to war to-night and ain't got a kith er a kin in town to see to his needs. The other eighteen are all provided for.

EDNA. Grandma, if you were a man, you'd be a general.

GRAN. You bet I would and I'd be lickin' the Kaiser this very minute.

EDNA. They're going to call on you for a speech at the train to-night when the boys go away.

GRAN. A speech? Me? Why, I couldn't make a speech to save my life. I'm only a poor old country woman who's tryin' to do her bit fer her country. I can't do much, but what I can do I do cheerfully and as good as I know how. And I don't aim to be a speechmaker.

(*Sits at rear and knits rapidly.*) You'll have to do it for me, honey.

EDNA. They call you the mother of Company K.

GRAN. I know it, the dear boys, and I couldn't care more fer 'em if every last one of 'em was a Gibbs born and bred.

EDNA. I'll call for you at eight, grandma. Good-bye.
[*Exit, R.*]

GRAN. Good-bye. Kittie, don't stand there staring after her. Go and pack that lunch for Thomas Kirk.

KIT. Yes'm, I'm going. [*Exit, L.*]

LOR. Come, children, we must be getting home. Good-bye, grandma.

CHILDREN. Good-bye, grandma.

GRAN. Bless your hearts. Good-bye.

(LOR., LIZ., BUB and children go out at L., followed by JIM.)

SAM. (*going to GRAN.*). Is that a sweater you're makin', grandma?

GRAN. It's the beginning of one. Why ain't you knitting fer the soldiers?

SAM. I ain't got time to knit fer myself, much less the soldiers.

GRAN. Samanthy Snapp, I'm astonished at you! Ain't got time to knit for your country? Ain't you doin' your bit?

SAM. I'm a peaceable womern, grandma. I don't believe in war.

GRAN. Makes no difference what you believe or what you don't believe. Your country needs your services. This is its hour of peril. It ain't fer the likes of us to decide whether we're to have war or peace. We ain't the President. If he says Peace, then I'm fer peace, and if he says War, I'm fer war—and war means sweaters and knitting and that's all I can do, but I'll do it jest as good as I can to the best of my ability, and a general at the head of an army can't do no more. Here, Samanthy, you take that knitting home and finish it for the boys.

SAM. You ain't got no right to tell me what to do.

GRAN. It ain't me that's telling you, it's your country. It's your war 'cause it's your land that's in danger, it's your flag that's been trod under foot; those boys are going away to fight to-night, leaving their wives and families and mothers and their work and money and all, and fer what, Samanthy Snapp? Fer you! Fer your protection, fer your honor, fer your flag. And the least you can do is to help 'em as much as you can.

SAM. (*sniffing*). I believe you're right, grandma. It is my country and my flag they're fighting fer. Gimme the knitting. (*Takes it.*) You've taught me a lesson. I'm a-goin' to do my bit. (*Crosses to door R.*) And I'm goin' to do it as good as I can for my country and my flag! [*Exit, R.*]

GRAN. (*crossing down L. to EZRA who has been sitting moodily at L.*). Son, what is it? There's something on your mind. Tell mother.

EZRA. I resigned my job this morning, mother.

GRAN. Resigned the best job you ever had, Ezry?

EZRA. The best job I ever had. I reckon I'm going soldiering.

GRAN. Soldiering?

EZRA. I'm going away with the boys to-night.

GRAN. (*sinking down beside him, on her knees*). No, no, Ezry! You're all I got since Mary was taken away. You're all I got. I can't give you up, I can't do it, I can't do it. (*Weeps.*)

EZRA (*his arm around her*). Mother! You don't want me to be a coward or a slacker, do you? I've gotta do my bit, mother, the same as you.

GRAN. You're right, Ezry Gibbs, God forgive me for my words. You've got to do your bit. Your country needs you, just as it needed your brother John to fight in Cuba in '98. He never came back, but they sent me his sword. (*Goes to cupboard and gets sword draped in American flag.*) And they sent me this flag. The flag he fought and died for, your flag. (*Gives flag to him.*) Take it, Ezry, and go and do your duty. God bless you.

EZRA (*rising*). Do you reckon you can get along

without me? I'll get thirty dollars a month and every cent of it comes to you and Kittie.

GRAN. Don't you worry about us, son. The Red Cross'll take care of me.

EZRA. I passed the examination this afternoon. I'm going down there now to get ready to leave to-night.

(Takes cap and crosses to door at R.)

GRAN. Then — you — are — going — to-night? Oh, Ezzy! *(Embraces him.)*

EZRA. There, there, mother, don't y' take on. I'll be all right. You needn't worry about me. *(Leads her to chair in front of fireplace.)* I've got to do my bit!

(Rushes out at R.)

GRAN. My boy, my boy! *(Weeps.)* The last of all my children. But, thank God, he's not a coward or a slacker. I'm proud to give my boy to my country. Proud! *(Breaks down; sobs.)* But he's my only boy, my only boy! *(Weeps.)*

Enter KIT. from L.

KIT. Grandma! *(Goes to her.)*

GRAN. *(drying her eyes)*. It's all right, Kittie. Ezzy's joined the army. He's going away to-night.

KIT. Uncle Ezra going away? What'll we do without him? How'll we get along? *(Weeps.)*

GRAN. *(comforting her)*. There, there, Kittie. Be brave, like I am. We'll get along all right. The Lord'll provide.

KIT. And just when I wanted to go to the city.

GRAN. *(puzzled)*. The city?

KIT. This letter. *(Shows it.)* From Cousin Wellington asking me to visit them for a couple of months. Oh, grandma, if you'd only let me go.

GRAN. To the city? Oh, Kittie, your Aunt Mary went to the city and now she's asleep out yonder in the cemetery. She died of a broken heart, Kittie.

KIT. I know, grandma, but I'd never marry a man like Mike Hannigan. I'll never marry at all unless you say it's all right.

GRAN. But if Ezry leaves to-night and you go to the city I'll be all alone.

KIT. Yes, but it's only for a couple of months, grandma. And I'll be awfully good. Cousin Wellington will take care of me, and you'll have the baby left.

GRAN. Yes—I'll—have—the baby. Bring him to me. Is he awake?

KIT. I don't think so. I'll see. (*Starts to L.*)

GRAN. And pack up another lunch, Kittie, for Ezry.

KIT. But will you let me go to the city?

GRAN. I don't know. Don't ask me now. Leave me alone to think it all out. It's so sudden, dear, and Ezry's going away has left me kind o' dazed.

KIT. It'll break my heart if I can't go. [*Exit, L.*]

GRAN. I don't know what to say, I don't know what to do. (*Enter KIT. from L. with baby. She puts baby in cradle and exits L. quietly.*) Both of them going away and I'll be all alone. Alone with Mary's baby. (*Knits, rocks cradle and sings an old lullaby.*) Maybe it'll be for the best after all. Cousin Wellington can take care of Kittie for a while and I'll go to work for the Red Cross. (*Works and sings lullaby.*)

Enter KIT. from L. after a pause. She carries her letter to GRAN.

KIT. Here's Cousin Wellington's letter, grandma. Shall I read it to you?

GRAN. I'll read it, Kittie. Bring me my specs from the mantel. (*KIT. does so.*) I don't think I can give you up, little Kittie. It'll be so lonesome for me when Ezry goes away.

KIT. (*with a half sob*). Oh, but I want to go, grandma, I want to go! This is my one big chance, my one opportunity to see the world.

GRAN. Seeing the world isn't all there is in life, honey, but the ability to make smooth the rough places and to find happiness in your own little corner, that is life.

KIT. But I'm so sick of the country. Seems like I can't stand Splinterville another day.

GRAN. Just like your Aunt Mary, honey, just like she

used to be. You'd better light the lamp. It's getting dark.

(KIT. *lights lamp and candles.* GRAN. *reads the letter.*

KIT. *removes red cloth from table and bringing white cloth from L., proceeds to set the table for supper.*)

KIT. The same old thing over again. (*With sugar bowl.*) Brown sugar! As common as dirt. I hate brown sugar. (*Eats some.*) It's just like Splinterville, old and ugly and a thousand years behind the times. I hate it.

(*Eats some with relish.* KIT. *brings in dishes and cutlery from L., setting table.* LOR. *knocks at R.*

KIT. *opens door and LOR. enters with dainty basket.*)

LOR. Oh, Kittie, Ezra's going to war. He's joined the army.

KIT. I know it. And I'm proud of him.

GRAN. And so am I. There never was a Gibbs yet who didn't do his duty for his country and his flag. My boy ain't a slacker.

KIT. Did you see him?

LOR. Just a minute ago. He looks perfectly lovely in his soldier clothes. I've got a little basket for him. You give it to him, Kittie, I just can't bear it. (*Cries.*) Maybe he'll never come back.

GRAN. (*coming to her*). There, there, honey. Ezry'll come back all right and maybe he'll get to be an officer. His brother John was a lieutenant.

LOR. (*tearfully*). But John didn't come back.

GRAN. No, honey, he didn't, but he was a hero who did his duty. You must cheer up and when you bid my boy good-bye see if you can't be as brave as I am.

LOR. I'll try, grandma, I'll try.

Enter SAM. from R.

SAM. I jest heard that Ezry had joined the army. Grandma, I think you're the bravest woman I ever saw. The soldiers are marching down on the square and Ezry's all dressed up in his uniform.

KIT. Oh, grandma, can't I go down and see them? I couldn't eat a bite of supper. It's all laid out in the kitchen.

LOR. Maybe it'll be the last time.

GRAN. Of course you can. You girls run along and take your baskets with you.

KIT. And about that letter, grandma; I've decided that I won't go if you don't want me to. I'd rather stay with you.

GRAN. No, honey, I've made up my mind. I'm going to let you visit Cousin Wellington as long as you want to stay. You can start the first thing in the morning.

KIT. Oh, grandma! (*Hugs her.*)

LOR. (*getting KIT.'s hat*). Hurry, Kittie, I can hear the fife and drum. It's a parade.

KIT. I'm the happiest girl in all the world.

(*The girls take their baskets and exunt at R.*)

SAM. (*seated at rear*). And you're going to let her go to the city?

GRAN. Yes, Samantha, she can go. It'll be a change for her and maybe it'll do her good.

SAM. But you'll be awful lonesome here with Ezry and Kittie both gone.

GRAN. I'll have the baby, and my work at the Red Cross will keep me busy. How's your knitting coming?

SAM. (*showing it proudly*). Just see, I've done all that in an hour.

GRAN. I always said you was a first-class knitter, Samantha.

SAM. I reckon I'm as good as the next one when I set my mind on it.

GRAN. You'll make some poor mother's boy happy when he gets that sweater.

SAM. Honest, do you think so? Paw died when I was little and I ain't never been used to men-folks, grandma, but I want to do my bit and if you think my knitting will do any good over there in them war-trenches, why, I'll guarantee to make a dozen sweaters afore Christmas. I ain't never thought much about it before, grandma, but this is *my* war, our boys are fighting and

givin' up their lives to protect my country and my flag. Why shouldn't I do my share? It won't be much, but I'll do what I kin.

GRAN. That's right, Samantha; that's jest the kind of talk we need in our Red Cross work. There's Elmira Logan, she gives us the use of her house for nothing and has donated a thousand dollars' worth of yarn and bandages to the cause. And on the other hand there's the Widder Bill Pindle, she gave us a dollar and knitted a pair of socks. She did what she could and I reckon the Recording Angel will give her just about as much credit as Elmira.

SAM. But you—you're doin' more'n anybody else in town.

GRAN. I only wisht it was more. Maybe when Ezry and Kittie have gone I'll have more time to work for the soldiers.

SAM. I should think you'd be afraid to stay here all alone in the house.

GRAN. I don't reckon any one would harm a poor old woman like me.

SAM. But they might kidnap the baby.

GRAN. (*starting*). Don't, Samantha, don't say sech a thing!

SAM. I was only supposing. Of course there won't no one tech the baby. There ain't no livin' bein' on earth who'd be heartless enough to take it away from you. (*Pause, then speaks suddenly.*) Unless it was the baby's pa.

GRAN. That's just what I'm afraid of. Sometimes I wake up in the dead of the night and seem to see Mike Hannigan standing beside the baby's cradle. It's got to be a reg'lar nightmare with me, Samantha. He wouldn't hesitate at nothin'. I never imagined any livin' man could be as cruel as Mike Hannigan. He ruined my Mary's life, he sneered at her as she lay in her coffin, he broke her heart as easily as he beat and bruised her body. He hated her because she was good and pure and he hated me because I tried to save my girl from his cruelty. If he'd come back and claim the baby I don't think I could bear it. (*Weeps.*) I don't think I could bear it.

SAM. There, there, grandma, he ain't coming back. Like as not he's in States Prison by this time.

(Faint music heard in the distance, fife and drums playing "Dixie" or "The Girl I Left Behind Me.")

Enter LIZ. and BUB, running in from R., very excited.

LIZ. Oh, grandma, come on. 'The pee-rade's comin'. They're marchin' up the street.

BUB. Marchin' up the stweet.

LIZ. And the band's playin' sump'm fierce. And your Ezry's all dressed up like a soldier. Come on, Bub, they're comin' right by here. *(Runs out R. with BUB.)*

SAM. *(at door or window)*. They're coming, grandma! Hear the music. *(Music louder.)*

GRAN. Wait till I get my flag.

(Takes down large flag from wall and crosses to door or window.)

SAM. *(waving handkerchief)*. See, they're all in line. Look at 'em march. Our boys! Our soldiers! God bless 'em!

GRAN. Amen to that, and God bring 'em all safe home.

(SAM. and GRAN. in door waving. Music forte. Soldiers may march past the open door, if staging permits. Cheering heard outside.)

SAM. There's Ezry!

GRAN. Where? Where's my boy?

(EZRA, in uniform, appears in doorway.)

EZRA. Here, mother, here! *(Embraces GRAN.)*

GRAN. *(with trembling voice and trembling hands)*. Go, my son, and do your duty. Trust in the goodness and mercy of God and in your hour of trouble He will be your stay. I'm giving you up, Ezry, I'm giving you up to your country! *[Exit EZRA.]*

(The music grows fainter and fainter, the cheering dies away, but still SAM. and GRAN. wave after the soldiers.)

SAM. I'm going down to the depot. [Exit, R.]

GRAN. I'd love to go, but I can't leave my baby. (*Resumes scat and rocks cradle.*) My boy's gone to be a soldier and Kittie leaves for the city in the morning. I'll be all alone, all alone with the baby. It is the law of life, Ezry and Kittie are young folks and I am an old woman, but I am proud that my boy has gone to help his country, just as his elder brother did in Cuba in '98. (*Speaks to baby.*) But you won't go 'way and leave me, will you, baby? You're mine, all mine! (*Knock on door at R.*) I wonder who can be knocking at this time of night. (*Goes to door.*) It can't be Samantha. (*As she opens the door.*) Good-evening, sir.

(MIKE HANNIGAN *slouches in and stands at R. leering at her. She steps back two steps as he enters and looks at him full of terror. He is a degraded looking man, shabby, unshaven and evil eyed.*)

MIKE (*after a pause*). Well, do you know me?

GRAN. (*shrinking from him, trembling*). Mike! Mike Hannigan!

MIKE. I thought y'd know me. Five er six months behind the bars don't change a man's looks to his home folks.

GRAN. What are you doing here?

MIKE. I jus' dropped in fer a little call on my mother-in-law. Hope you're enjoyin' good health, Mis' Gibbs.

GRAN. Why have you come?

MIKE. You know why I've come well enough. (*Bends toward her, his face close to hers.*) I've come fer my property.

GRAN. There was no property. You know as well as I do that Mary left nothing.

MIKE. Oh, yes, she did. She left the kid, didn't she?

GRAN. You're not—not going to take the baby? (*Pause; he smiles grimly. Slowly.*) You wouldn't take him away from me, would you? He's all I've got. You wouldn't have the heart to do that? (*Pause.*) Would y'? Ezry's joined the army and Kittie's goin' to the city to-morrow, and I'll be all alone, except for the baby.

He's all I'll have left. You ain't come after him, have you?

MIKE. What else do you reckon I'm here fer? Come, git him ready. Wrap him up in a shawl and gimme a bottle of milk and I'll be off on the same train that's takin' the soldiers.

GRAN. (*going to him, trembling*). Mike, Mike, don't take the baby away from me. Seems like I've bore so much to-day that I jest couldn't stand up under that. Nobody can take care of him like I can. He's all I'll have left. (*More passionately*.) Mike, you can't do it! You can't do it. You might be a bad man, Mike, but surely you ain't got the heart to tear that baby away from these old arms of mine. I promised his dying mother to protect her child.

MIKE. It's my baby, I say; give him to me.

GRAN. Your baby? Yours? You ask me to give him to you! Then where is my baby? Where is my little Mary? Where is the girl you swore to love and protect the day you made her your wife? Give me back my girl! You beat her, you choked her! She died in my arms heart-broken —

MIKE (*grasping her roughly by arm*). That'll do, you! Hurry up and get me the baby! It's train time. He leaves with me to-night.

GRAN. No, no! See, on my knees I beg you to let me have the child.

MIKE. Where is he? (*Crosses to L.*)

GRAN. (*rushing to cradle, snatches baby to her breast*). You shan't have him! (*MIKE rushes to her.*) Back, Mike Hannigan, don't you dare to touch him. He's here with me, the only mother he's ever known, on my breast (*loudly, passionately*) and I defy you, in the name of God, to tear him from this sacred refuge! (*He recoils.*)

QUICK CURTAIN

(SECOND PICTURE.—*Baby in cradle, MIKE at door R.*)

GRAN. (*at c., facing him*). The train's pullin' out. You've just got time to catch it. It's taking the soldiers

away to fight for their country. Be a man, Mike Han-
nigan, have done with evil and show yourself a man.
Now's your chance. Catch that train and join the army!

MIKE. I'll do it!

GRAN. God bless you!

[Exit MIKE, R.]

CURTAIN

(THIRD PICTURE, GRAN. *with baby in her arms, singing
lullaby.*)

CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE.—*Conservatory in COUSIN WELLINGTON'S city residence. Entrances R. and L. Fancy Japanese screens at rear and at sides. Several fur rugs on floor. Small fancy table at L., with two fancy chairs. Tête-à-tête at R. Fancy chair at rear C. Palms around stage. Note: The same scenery may be used as in ACT I, hiding the fireplace with screens and changing furniture. Satin cushion on the tête-à-tête.*

(*Discovered, MCGREGOR, a dignified, middle-aged butler, arranging cushion. He steps back to note the effect just as JANINE, a dainty French maid, enters from L. She hurries in and does not see him. They collide.*)

MCG. Beg pardon!

JAN. Oh, it is the McGregor! I hurry me so zat I do not see vere I am going, evidently walk backwards like-a ze crab.

MCG. I simply took a step bac'ards to admire the heffect. Of coorse I didna suspect a tornado would attack me from the rear, as it were.

JAN. Vot is dat tornado, monsieur? Darleeng have I been called, and petite, and sweetheart and ozzer nice names, but nevaire have I been called a tornado. (*Close to him.*) Eet is a nice name, eh?

MCG. Ho, yes. Hit's one of my pet hexpressions, as it were. But why are you heré in the conservatory, madame?

JAN. Madame? Oh, la, la, la! Mademoiselle, if you please, for the present. Some day, mebbe, madame, but not just now. Zose who like me best call me Janine.

MCG. They do? And can I call you Janine?

JAN. Mebbe. If you are a very, very good boy. You ask me vot I do here in the conservatory. I search for

Mees Kathleen. Madame Wellington would have a leetle talk wiz her in private. Comprenez-vous?

McG. Hi think hi understand. Miss Kathleen is with her guests out by the lily pond.

JAN. And Monsieur Cott, vere is he?

McG. He's gettin' ready to rehearse the young ladies for the private theatricals. Hi think 'e is hin the hante-room.

JAN. Ah, ha! Zen zey are not togezzer. Mees Kathleen on ze lily pond and zees Cott man in ze anteroom. It is as I suspec'. Madame try to make ze grand match and Monsieur Cott try to make ze grand match, but Mees Kathleen! Ah, ha, zat ees anuzzer mattaire.

McG. You mean she's not in love with DePuyster Cott.

JAN. Zat ees exactly vot I mean.

McG. But it has been reported that they were engaged. Hit'll be a great match for Miss Kathleen. She's honly a little country lassie, wi' no money of her own at all, hand DePuyster Cott, he's a millionaire.

JAN. He may be ze millionaire, but he ees not ze lovaire. For heem she cares, poof—that!

(*Snaps fingers.*)

McG. But the hold lady is strong for the match, and he's worth a million.

JAN. Again I say—poof! Mees Kathleen does not love him. I know.

McG. And how do you know?

JAN. Because ven she hear his name she do not zhoomp.

McG. (*blankly*). Jump?

JAN. Zhoomp! It is a sure sign. It fails nevaire. You say to me Thomas, I do not zhoomp. You say to me Alphonse, I do not zhoomp. You say to me—vot ees your name?

McG. (*pleased*). Angus!

JAN. You say to me—Angus, I—(*pauses, glances roguishly at him; he struts*) do not zhoomp. (*He is disappointed and indignant.*) You say Matthew, Alois, Jean, Ferdinand, Emile—still I zhoomp not! Ah, but

you say to me James—oo! (*Hugs herself.*) Zen I zhoomp, like-a da zhoomping-jack. Now you say to Mees Kathleen—DePuyster—vere is de zhoomp? It is not there. (*Impersonating.*) Ah, monsieur, you do me ze grand honor, you pay me ze great compliment—eet is ze proudest moment of my life, but alas, I cannot return your love. I'll be a sistaire to you, mebbe. So, good-night, here is your hat, vot is your hurry? Get out!

(*Little kick.*)

McG. (*laughing*). Yes, yes. She'll say get out, just like that! (*Kicks.*)

(JAN. and McG. stand c. *laughing*; enter MRS. WELLINGTON from L. *She raises her lorgnettes and looks at them; they laugh in pantomime, not seeing her.*)

MRS. W. McGregor!

McG. (*straightening up*). Yes, madame?

MRS. W. Janine!

JAN. Oui, madame?

MRS. W. I am surprised. Surprised!

McG. Weel, madame, I'm somewhat surprised myself.

MRS. W. Such conduct in the conservatory.

McG. She was only showing me a little dance step, madame. We will not repeat our offense.

MRS. W. I should hope not. Where is my ward?

McG. She's out by the lily pond, madame.

MRS. W. And Mr. Cott is with her, I suppose?

McG. Oh, no. Mr. Cott is rehearsing the young ladies in the hanteroom.

MRS. W. Janine, find Kathleen and send her to me at once.

JAN. Oui, madame!

[*Exit, L.*

MRS. W. McGregor, you may tell Mr. Cott that I wish to see him in the sunken gardens as soon as he finishes his rehearsals.

McG. Yes, madame.

[*Exit, R.*

MRS. W. I must bring things to a head this afternoon.

Kathleen has refused to give Mr. Cott his answer for a month now. She shan't put it off any longer. She must consent at once and I'll give an announcement dinner on Thursday.

Enter WELLINGTON from R.

WEL. I just passed through the front hall and saw DePuyster Cott dancing and kicking around like a flamingo with the hives. What's he trying to do, turn this house into a theatre?

MRS. W. Wellington! It's a rehearsal for the Red Cross benefit.

WEL. I don't care if it is. I don't like DePuyster Cott and I don't want him gallivanting around my house.

MRS. W. Now, Wellington, don't be foolish. DePuyster is Kathleen's most ardent admirer. Think what a wonderful match it would be. He's worth over a million.

WEL. I don't care how much he's worth. I'm not going to have my little Kittie mated up with a man like DePuyster Cott. Now don't start to argue. I won't have it, and there's an end. What would Grandma Gibbs say if her little Kittie married a man like that?

MRS. W. She doubtless would be the proudest woman in the state. Think what DePuyster could do for Kittie. She hasn't a cent, and her grandmother hasn't anything. It's a wonder that he ever gave her a thought, an ignorant little country girl like Kittie. Why, he's the catch of the season.

WEL. There you go again. I tell you I won't have it. Let him marry one of the girls here in town, one of the full blown roses of society, if he will. Kittie is a simple little country violet, with all the innocence and fragrance of the wildwood. And Cott! He'd break her heart in six months.

MRS. W. There, there, Wellington, you're excited—and when you get excited it makes me so nervous. Go and lie down in your room. You are worrying over a trifle.

WEL. The happiness of little Kittie Clover isn't a

trifle. I'll see DePuyster Cott and tell him just what my attitude is.

MRS. W. You'll do nothing of the sort. Kathleen wouldn't thank you for interfering in her affairs. If she doesn't want to marry him, rest assured I shall not try to influence her. But if she does I'm sure she'll resent your attitude. Now, go and lie down, like a good boy. The house is full of guests and my nerves are all unstrung. Please, Wellington!

WEL. Very well. But understand right now that my little girl isn't going to be forced to marry any one she doesn't want, millionaire or no millionaire. (*At door R.*) She's too sweet and innocent for a middle-aged orchid like DePuyster Cott. And I won't have it! [*Exit, R.*]

MRS. W. I rather think Kathleen will have something to say to that.

KIT. (*outside L.*) Auntie, auntie, where are you?

MRS. W. Here I am, Kittie, in the conservatory. Don't make such a noise.

Enter KIT. from L.

KIT. Oh, you darling, this is the loveliest party of the season.

MRS. W. I'm glad you are enjoying it.

KIT. I've been down to the lily pond with the boys. They're playing tennis. DePuyster Cott's got all the girls in the front hall practising for the amateur play.

MRS. W. Aren't you to be in the play?

KIT. He wanted me to be the leading lady, but I can't do anything like that. I'm just a little country girl, in spite of all my fine fixings and things. I'd be as much out of place on the stage as a little country robin in a cage full of golden canaries.

MRS. W. Country robin indeed! You are going to be the hit of the season.

KIT. Oh, if the folks at Splinterville could only see me in this dress. They'd think I was a play actress for sure.

MRS. W. Do you have play actresses in Splinterville, Kathleen?

KIT. Sure we do. Once every week we have a movie, and Uncle Tom's been there twice.

MRS. W. I believe you're homesick. (*Seated at R.*)

KIT. No, I'm not exactly what you'd call homesick, but I'd love to drop in on grandma just to see how she's getting along. And the baby's got a tooth. Isn't that wonderful? How they grow and get hair and teeth and things. Oh, I'd love to see the baby!

MRS. W. Isn't there some one else in Splinterville you'd love to see besides the baby and grandma?

KIT. Why, of course. I'd love to see them all. Loretta and Lizzie and Samantha Snapp and Happy Jim Hankins.

MRS. W. (*significantly*). Ah!

KIT. Now don't say ah, auntie. I'm not in love with Happy Jim. I'm not in love with anybody.

MRS. W. No one at all?

KIT. No one but you and Cousin Wellington.

MRS. W. I thought DePuyster Cott has been very attentive.

KIT. He has. DePuyster's been attentive all right, but somehow his attentions don't seem exactly to hit the spot.

MRS. W. He's a rich man, my dear, a very rich man. Half the mothers in New York have been trying to land him for years.

KIT. You talk like he was a fish. (*Laughs.*) And I think he is. A lobster.

MRS. W. Kathleen, you mustn't speak that way of DePuyster. He is sincere. He's going to ask you to become his wife.

KIT. He's asked me that already. Seven times.

MRS. W. And what did you reply?

KIT. Seven times no.

MRS. W. Kathleen, DePuyster would make you a rich woman. You would have everything your heart desired. Money, a beautiful home, a cottage by the sea, touring cars, a yacht, servants, diamonds —

KIT. I know it. I'd love all that; there's only one drawback. I'd have to take DePuyster, too.

MRS. W. You are very young, Kathleen, and you

know very little of the world and its ways. Your uncle is in the army, your grandmother is poor, very poor. Have you thought how much you could do for her if you would marry DePuyster?

KIT. (*seriously*). No, auntie, I've never thought of that.

MRS. W. She is an old woman now, dear, and every penny counts at her age. If you married well you could provide her with every comfort, even luxury. She's too old to work and suppose your uncle doesn't come back. (*Pauses; looks at KIT.*) And then there's the baby. Your Aunt Mary's baby. Think what you could do for him if you married DePuyster Cott.

KIT. That's true. I could help them both. I could build a house in Splinterville and take care of everybody, Uncle Ezra and grandma and the baby. (*Changes tone.*) But maybe Mr. Cott wouldn't let me.

MRS. W. DePuyster is generosity itself. I don't want to influence you, Kathleen, against your own judgment, but I am a woman of experience. A marriage with him would bring you wealth and it would bring comfort to your grandmother in her old age.

KIT. (*dreamily*). I know that, but would it bring me happiness? I—I don't love DePuyster Cott. I never could love him. I admire him in a way, but that's different. But when I think of grandma and realize how I could help her if I was his wife, and the good I could do with all that money, I feel as if I could make any sacrifice for those I love.

MRS. W. You are a dear child, Kathleen. In the short time I have known you I have learned to wish that you were my daughter. I will urge DePuyster's claims no longer. You must make your own decision. But he has told me that he loves you sincerely, devotedly. I think he intends to speak to you again to-day. If you refuse him he is going to enlist in the army. (*Rises.*) I think I'd better look after our guests. (*Crosses to L.*) The decision is in your own hands. [*Exit, L.*]

KIT. I'd be rich, I'd have everything on earth I wanted and grandma would be able to do just as she pleased. No more work, no more slaving to make both

ends meet. Grandma could be just like Auntie Wellington, with every luxury at her command. I'll do it. I'll marry him and try to make him happy. (*Goes to L.*) Maybe he won't be home much. [*Exit, L.*]

Enter JAN. from R. with feather duster.

JAN. (*crossing down L., dusting*). Ah, ze newspapers report anuzzer victory for la belle France. A great, grand, glorious victory. And my Jamie was probably in ze battle. Maybe some day he will be a grand officer and vill come to America and ask me for my hand. And I vill say —

Enter DEPUYSTER COTT from L. on words "glorious victory."

COTT (*coming down L. c.*). And you will say?

JAN. Oh, pardon, monsieur. I did not know zat I was overheard.

COTT. So, you have a Jamie in the army, eh?

JAN. (*proudly*). Oui, monsieur.

COTT. Well, all I can say is that your Jamie has a mighty pretty little sweetheart waiting for him.

JAN. (*eyes down, mock modesty*). Oh, monsieur!

COTT (*taking her hand*). What a pretty little hand. Too bad it has such hard work to do.

JAN. (*snatching hand away, faces him with flashing eyes*). For the hard work I do not care. Eet is my bit. The wages those are beeg, very beeg—and every centime is sent to la belle France. I am only a working girl, monsieur, but I work for my native land, I work for my flag!

COTT. Patriotic, upon my word. What a handsome little Joan of Arc you are. Suppose I'd give you a dollar for your belle France. (*Holds up silver dollar.*)

JAN. (*smiling, takes it*). I would say, thank you, monsieur.

COTT. And suppose I would ask for a little kiss?

JAN. (*ducking under his arm, leaving the feather duster enclosed in the crook of his elbow*). I would say (*running to door R., turns*) kiss ze fezzzer duster, monsieur. (*Laughs and runs out R.*)

COTT. The little simpleton! (*Throws duster out at L.*) But I am losing time. The rehearsal! (*Goes to L.*) Are you ready, girls?

GIRLS (*outside L.*). All ready, Mr. Cott.

COTT (*to leader of orchestra*). Then strike up the band, here come the ladies.

(*Music, COTT dances off at R.*)

Enter eight or twelve SOCIETY GIRLS from L., dancing or marching in time to music. Enter SOLOIST. Specialty number by the girls. At end of number they all dance or march off. Note: This specialty may be given as a solo or a duet, or a fancy dance, or may be omitted entirely, COTT making his exit after throwing duster down.

Enter KIT. from L. after specialty and encore.

KIT. I went down to the old-fashioned garden and got a sprig of boy's love. I'm goin' to put it in my shoe and if it hurts it's a sign my beau's love won't last. (*Takes off slipper.*) I hope it don't hurt.

Enter COTT from R. quickly.

COTT. Ah, there you are!

(*At the sound of his voice KIT. gives a little squeal and jumps to L. a little.*)

KIT. Oh!

COTT. What's the matter? Did I frighten you?

KIT. Oh, no. I'm not frightened, I'm just—er—embarrassed.

COTT (*near tête, motions for KIT. to sit thereon*). Won't you sit down?

KIT. (*trying to put on her slipper when he isn't looking, speaks with closed lips signifying "no"*). Um-umph!

COTT. Please sit down. I have something to say to you.

KIT. (*meaning "no"*). Um-umph!

COTT. I won't be happy until you do. I won't really.

KIT. Oh, very well. (*Flops down on floor.*)

COTT. Picturesque, but rather uncomfortable, isn't it?

KIT. (*glancing at slipper in hand hidden from COTT*). I should say so.

COTT (*coming to her*). Now, Kathleen ——

KIT. Oh, please don't come so close. You make me nervous.

COTT. But I can't say what I want to say from way over here, you know.

KIT. Oh, yes, you can. Lots of men propose over the telephone. Sit way over there.

COTT. Very well. (*Backs away from her.*)

KIT. Don't walk backwards; you might fall down.

(*He turns to R. KIT. tries to get slipper on, but cannot.*)

COTT (*seated R.*). Kathleen, I see you know what I'm going to say to you. You are poor, Mrs. Wellington tells me, and uncomfortable. You are really.

KIT. Yes, she's right. I'm poor and uncomfortable. Especially uncomfortable.

COTT. I can make you comfortable.

KIT. (*looking at him quickly*). Can you?

COTT. I can surround you with every luxury. (*Rises.*) If you will only like me a little. (*Sits beside her.*) Can't you like me a little, Kathleen?

KIT. I don't know.

COTT (*suddenly*). I see everything!

KIT. (*startled, hides foot and puts slipper behind her*). Oh! I'm so embarrassed.

COTT. There is some one else.

KIT. Is that all you saw?

COTT. You have a sweetheart?

KIT. Nobody but Happy Jim Hankins.

COTT. And who is he?

KIT. A farmer. Got red hair and limps a little, but his heart's in the right place.

COTT. Kittie, won't you be serious?

KIT. I am. I couldn't be more serious at my own funeral.

COTT. Look me in the eye. Straight in the eye.

KIT. I can't. Your eye is wobbly.

COTT. Kittie, give me your hands. Promise you'll marry me.

(Takes her hands; she hands him the slipper and laughs.)

KIT. I'll have to ask grandma first.

(Hobbles out L. quickly.)

COTT *(looking at slipper, pauses)*. Did she give me her hand or her foot?

Enter MRS. W. from L.

MRS. W. Well? *(Hides slipper behind him.)*

COTT. It's all right. I'm the happiest man in America, I am really.

MRS. W. Has she promised to marry you?

COTT. Not exactly. She said she had to ask her grandma first.

MRS. W. Then you are as good as engaged. Don't you think we'd better announce it to-night?

Enter WEL. from R.

WEL. Announce what?

COTT. Miss Kathleen has just promised to marry me, she has really.

WEL. She did? My little girl promised that?

COTT. Yes, she did. Awfully strange, isn't it? But she did really. But she said she'd have to ask her grandma first.

MRS. W. *(at R.)*. But of course Grandma Gibbs will consent. I am sure, DePuyster, she'll be delighted and honored to have you as Kathleen's husband.

WEL. I'm not so sure about that. Grandma Gibbs never makes up her mind in a hurry. I don't think you'd better announce it quite yet, my dear.

COTT. I'll telegraph the old lady, I will really.

MRS. W. DePuyster, I congratulate you.

(Shakes hands with him; he puts slipper in hand behind him.)

WEL. And so do I.

(Seizes his other hand and gets the slipper.)

COTT. Thanks, awfully.

WEL. (*looking at slipper*). What is this?

MRS. W. Kathleen's slipper.

COTT. Why so it is. It is really. I must have found it. That's it, I found it in the hall. Little puppy must have carried it away.

Enter JAN. from R.

MRS. W. Janine!

JAN. Madame?

MRS. W. Here is Kathleen's slipper. Take it to her.

JAN. Oui, madame.

COTT. The young folks are beginning to dance in the hall. Shall we join them?

WEL. I want to have a word or two with Kittie. (*Crosses to L.*) Maybe she can spare a dance for one of the old timers. [*Exit, L.*]

MRS. W. (*taking COTT's arm*). Cheer up, my boy, I'm sure everything will turn out right.

(They stroll off at L.)

Enter MCG. from R.

MCG. I'll show 'im, so I will! The Boche. The pro-German noodle-maker.

JAN. McGregor! What has happened?

MCG. It's that Dutch cook. He's a-makin' reflections on the United States. He called the President a nut.

JAN. He did? Vy did you not throw him in the street?

MCG. I wouldn't demean meself by layin' hands on him, but I withered 'im with my contempt, I did. Some day he'll push me too far and then the fightin' spirit o' the McGregors will assert itself hand I'll knock 'im into a cocked 'at, so I will.

JAN. Have you seen Miss Kathleen? She's lost her slipper.

MCG. Lost her slipper?

JAN. Yes, I have it here.

MCG. Belike she's in the hall dancin'.

JAN. Stupid! How can she dance vizzout zis?

(*Holds up slipper.* KIT. *hops in from L.*)

KIT. Thank you, Janine. I'll take it. That will do, McGregor.

McG. Yes, miss. [*Exit, L., with great dignity.*]

KIT. (*putting on her slipper*). I felt just like Cinderella. Only I had an awful time to make it fit. And Mr. Cott was such a funny looking prince.

JAN. Is he your prince, Mees Kathleen?

KIT. I don't know. Sometimes I think he is, but most times I'm sure he isn't. Have you a sweetheart, Janine?

JAN. (*ecstatically*). Have I? Have I? Oh, mademoiselle, I have. So beeg he is and so strong and wiz blue eyes and red hair.

KIT. Red hair?

JAN. Oui, mademoiselle. He is an Irishman. A soldier, but now, *helas*, wounded. For two months he has not fought. He is lame. The shell exploded and nip him on the foot. Lame he is and with red hair, but ah, mademoiselle, you should know his heart. It is the heart I love, the courage, the soul. His name is Jamie.

KIT. Jamie? Oh, Janine, I too have a Jamie. And he's got red hair and limps a little when he walks.

JAN. A soldier, Mees Kathleen?

KIT. No. It almost broke his heart when they turned him down. But like your Jamie he has the heart, the courage and the soul.

JAN. Then it is enough, mademoiselle. You vill marry him and as for Monsieur DePuyster Cott, good-night!

KIT. I don't know, Janine. I haven't made up my mind. We are so frightfully poor, my uncle is at the front and my grandmother is very old. If I married Mr. Cott it would mean happiness and comfort for life.

JAN. Comfort, yes? Happiness, maybe!

Enter COTT from L.

COTT. Kathleen, I've been looking every place for you. Do you want to dance?

KIT. I believe I do. That music is delightful,

(She takes his arm and they stroll out at L.)

JAN. The poor mademoiselle! She tries to be gay while all the time her heart is crying out for her Jamie, wiz ze red hair and ze little limp. *(Bell rings off stage R. Enter McG. from L.; crosses stage and exits R. JAN. arranges furniture down L.)* The poor young lady. If she marries Monsieur DePuyster Cott very much vill she regret it. *[Exit, L.]*

Enter McG. stiffly, followed by GRAN., timid and nervous. She wears a widow's bonnet, rusty shawl, old-fashioned shoes, dark dress and carries a large cotton umbrella and covered market basket.

GRAN. *(at rear R., to McG., who is standing rear R. C.)*. You ain't Cousin Wellington, air y'?

McG. No, madame, I am butler.

GRAN. *(putting things down, advances to him and shakes hands warmly)*. I'm pleased to make your acquaintance, Mr. Butler. I'm Grandma Gibbs from Splinterville. Mr. Wellington is my cousin. There used to be some Butlers lived over on the old Lower Eighty right across from Hookworm Crick. Man's name was Isaac Butler. Might have been some kin of yours.

McG. I'll hinform Mr. Wellington that you're here, ma'am. Sit down.

GRAN. *(going to padded chair at R., starts to sit)*. Thank you. *(Sits down and jumps up immediately.)* Mercy me! *(Looks at chair, feels seat.)* Ain't it squishy? I thought I'd set on the cat.

McG. It's all right, ma'am.

GRAN. *(sitting down carefully, then giving a sigh of satisfaction)*. Jest like a feather bed. Don't bother to interrupt Cousin Wellington if he's busy. You didn't tell me ef you was any kin to old Ike Butler.

McG. I have no relations in this country, ma'am.

GRAN. Are you a furriner?

McG. A Scotchman, ma'am.

GRAN. My, my. I've allers wanted to meet a Scotchman. They've done such noble work in the war. You see I read every scrap about the war I kin lay my hands

on. I'm in the Red Cross work and my boy Ezry's at the front. Somewhere in France. And you're a Scotchman? Ain't you proud of your fellow countrymen who're fightin' and dyin' day by day fer the native land and fer the common cause of humanity? Don't it make your heart almost bu'st with pride to read about the Highland Regiment in Flanders?

McG. (*deeply touched*). Hindeed it do, ma'am. If I was a bit younger I'd be over there myself.

GRAN. I reckon you're doin' your bit here, ain't you?

McG. I ain't doing as much as I should, ma'am.

GRAN. None of us are. Only our boys facing death at the front are doing that. You belong to the Red Cross?

McG. No, ma'am.

GRAN. Here's a button. (*Pins it on him.*) A dollar, please.

McG. Yes, ma'am. Thank you, ma'am.

(*Gives her a dollar.*)

GRAN. Now you've done something fer the war anyway. That money'll go to help some poor wounded boy out there in France. You won't know where it goes, ner he won't know where it comes from, but it'll be there. It's the tie that binds those at the front to those who have to stay at home. It's your bit. You've done what you could.

McG. Thank y', ma'am—and God bless you. It makes me feel like I was a part of the Allied Army myself. Hexcuse me, ma'am, I have a patriotic duty to perform.

GRAN. A duty?

McG. Yes, ma'am. There's a party down in the kitchen who's a pro-German. He called the President—our President—a nut, ma'am. I'm goin' to make 'im take it back, ma'am. I'm goin' to make 'im eat his words like a bowl of soup, ma'am. (*At door L.*) I'm goin' to hattack the henemy single handed, ma'am! [*Exit, L.*]

Enter from R. WEL., MRS. W. and several guests.

WEL. Whew, that dance was a corker. It's better than the gymnasium. I think I lost fifteen pounds.

GRAN. (*coming toward him*). Cousin Wellington!

WEL. Grandma! Of all things! Grandma Gibbs! (*Shakes hands warmly.*) Where on earth did you come from?

GRAN. Splinterville. I come to see Kittie. How is she?

WEL. As fine as silk. You won't know her. This is my wife. You remember her, don't you? Elizabeth, this is Grandma Gibbs.

GRAN. (*kissing MRS. W.*). Know her? I should say I do. She uster go to school to me, forty year ago. Didn't y', Lizy?

MRS. W. (*embarrassed*). Yes, indeed. But won't you take off your things? (*Leads GRAN. to easy chair.*) Sit down. You must be tired after your long journey?

GRAN. Yes, honey, I am a little tired. Ridin' on the steam keers is a shakin' experience, but I jest loved the excitement. I hesitated some about makin' the trip, but Samanthy Snapp promised to take keer of the baby, so I jest packed up some jell and nut-cake for you and here I be.

WEL. Jell and nut-cake! Oh, grandma, I haven't tasted anything like your jell and nut-cake for thirty-five years.

GRAN. Then you're goin' to have some for supper. Maybe I kin stir y' up a batch of biscuit, too. I never see a boy love biscuit the way you did. 'Member one night when the parson was at our house you et nineteen, and then wondered why you couldn't relish the cherry pie. (*Laughs.*)

WEL. (*laughing*). I've never forgotten that night.

GRAN. But where's Kittie? She ain't sick er nothin'? Why ain't she here to welcome me?

KIT. (*outside L.*). Come on and let's have some more music.

GRAN. (*starting up*). That's her. That's my Kittie.

KIT. Cousin Wellington! Where are you? (*Enter KIT. from L. She does not see GRAN. at first but starts toward WEL.*) I thought you wanted to dance with me?

(Sees him looking at GRAN.; follows his eyes, sees GRAN.; slight pause with sharp intake of the breath—then.) Why, there's grandma! (Rushes into her arms.)

GRAN. I didn't hardly know y', honey, I didn't hardly know y'.

KIT. Oh, it just seems too good to be true. Just think, you're here in the city. (WEL. motions to MRS. W. and guests and they withdraw quietly.) How's the baby? And where is he? (Rapidly.) I'm just crazy to see that tooth. Does he cry much at night, and has he been well?

GRAN. He's jest as fine as a fiddle. How do you like it here, Kittie?

KIT. It's lovely, but it's not like Splinterville. Who's taking care of the baby?

GRAN. Miss Samanthy.

KIT. Well, I guess she can manage. How's Uncle Ezra? When did you hear from him?

GRAN. Last week. He's real well and sends you a bushel of love. He told me all about life in the trenches.

KIT. Have they made him an officer yet?

GRAN. He didn't say. I suppose they have. Ezry's a dabster hand at bossin' men. I shouldn't be surprised to see him a ginerel before the war's over.

KIT. Oh, how lovely! And how's Loretta and Lizzie and Bub and Happy Jim and the Red Cross ladies and everybody? And what's the news? Anybody married?

GRAN. No, but Elmer Green's been seen calling right often at Lowizy Custard's. Happy Jim's bought out Olden and Hughes' grocery store and told me to be sure and bring you back home right away. Kittie, Happy Jim's a fine young fellow, good principles, moral, upright and a good business man. He'd ought to make a good husband.

KIT. Oh, grandma, I want you to meet DePuyster Cott!

GRAN. To meet him? Is it a man?

KIT. Of course. What did you think?

GRAN. I miscalc'lated it might be one of these here newfangled folding beds you read about.

KIT. He's a millionaire, and he wants to marry me.

GRAN. A millionaire? A sure enough millionaire?

KIT. Yes, that's what Cousin Wellington says.

GRAN. That's a powerful heap of money, Kittie.

KIT. I know it. Why, if I marry him we can have a house like this and you can be a fine lady like Auntie Wellington and ——

GRAN. Jest a minute, Kittie. Do you love Mr. Cott?

KIT. (*head down*). Well—I—don't—know.

GRAN. Yes y' do, honey. Ef you love him you know it. And ef you don't there ain't no use talking any more about it. I want to have a talk with him, Kittie. But one thing you must understand right from the very beginning and that's this: The good Lord made young folks fer each other, Kittie, and all the millions and gold in the world will never mean happiness to you unless you love the man you marry. Don't think you'll have to provide fer me and the baby. I'm earnin' money right along, and Ezry sends me twenty dollars every month. We'll get along all right, even if you don't get married at all.

KIT. But think of the wonderful things I could do if I was rich.

GRAN. Ain't none of 'em worth their salt unless they're seasoned with a life's love, honey.

KIT. (*hugging her*). Oh, it's so good to have you here with me. You tell me just what I need to know. Your advice is just like my conscience. But you must be tired. Don't you want to come to my room and rest a little before dinner?

GRAN. Dinner? Ain't you had dinner yet?

KIT. We have dinner at seven.

GRAN. I want to know! Lizy must be a awful slow cook. I et my dinner in the keers out of a shoe-box. (*Rises, looks around.*) What a pretty place they got.

KIT. Aren't you tired, grandma?

GRAN. Not a mite. You take my umberell and basket and carry 'em to the room and I'll set here and rest a spell. You might tell Cousin Wellington that I'd like a word with him.

KIT. (*going L.*). I'll send him to you.

GRAN. And don't get to thinkin' too much about that Mr. Bedd. It ain't likely he'll want to marry you after he talks to me a while.

KIT. His name is Cott, grandma, and I'd forgotten him already.

GRAN. That's a good sign. I'll bet a doughnut you ain't forgotten Happy Jim Hankins.

KIT. (*at door L., turns*). No, somehow I never forget Jim. [*Exit, L.*]

GRAN. She won't ever find the road to happiness here in the city. I reckon it's a little shady country road that leads through old covered bridges over ripply streams, up the hill of Hard Knocks and down into the vale of Peace and Love at last. And Jim Hankins'll be her guide.

Enter WEL. from L.

WEL. Grandma, it does my heart good to see you again. Your coming is like a breath of the cider-scented air of old Splinterville.

GRAN. (*on tête*). Set down, Cousin Wellington; I want to have a little talk with you.

WEL. Certainly.

GRAN. It's about our Kittie.

WEL. She's my little girl, grandma. I love her as much as if she were my own daughter.

GRAN. Then what do you think about her marrying this Mr. Bedd?

WEL. Bedd?

GRAN. I mean Cott. Is he the man you'd pick out for your own daughter?

WEL. No, I hardly think he is. Still he's a millionaire —

GRAN. That's jest what Kittie said. It seems to be his only recommendation. How old is he?

WEL. About thirty-five.

GRAN. Why ain't he at the front?

WEL. Too much money.

GRAN. That's no excuse. He ain't a slacker, is he?

WEL. No, he isn't as bad as that. My wife thinks he'd make Kittie a good husband. He could provide her with everything her heart desires.

GRAN. I don't think so. The main thing her heart desires is love, Cousin Wellington, and faith and trust. Money ain't to be considered in the matter at all.

WEL. Then I reckon it's good-bye, Mr. Cott.

GRAN. I reckon it is. But I'll have a talk with him first. Maybe I kin get him to do sump'm fer his country.

WEL. He has already contributed to the fund, very liberally, I think.

GRAN. That's good; we need money, but money ain't everything. We need men, good, true, stalwart men, Americans worthy of the name! Like our fathers and our forefathers. We won the war of 1776 without money and in 1812 we weren't blessed with many millionaires. The man comes first, the man before the dollar every time.

WEL. My sentiments exactly. You're as patriotic as I am. God has given me everything I wanted except five or six strapping big sons to give to my country. What a glorious honor! My boys'd never wait to be drafted. No, ma'am! When they heard the call they'd answer, like their forefathers before 'em.

GRAN. (*taking his hand*). God bless you, Cousin Wellington.

WEL. I have been a successful business man, grandma, but everything I control, every dollar I possess is at the service of my country.

Enter McG. from L., clothing torn, collar open, nose bloody. He starts to exit R. but pauses at door R.

McG. I did it.

WEL. You look like it. What have you been doing? Trying to tame a bulldog?

McG. Well, ye might call it that, sir. I've just fired the German chef.

WEL. Fired him? Fired Schnitzel? Why?

McG. He called the President a nut. I fired him for that. Then he said the Kaiser was the greatest single force for civilization that ever was, and with that I gave him a lift under the lug and we went at it. They took him away in the hospital wagon. And if you don't like the way I treated him, sir, you'll have to get another butler, for I'll quit and that's something I'm not wishing to do.

WEL. Quit? For avenging an insult to your President? You'll do nothing of the sort. Your pay is advanced ten dollars a month.

McG. Thank you, sir. *[Exit, R., with dignity.]*

(KIT. looks in at L.)

KIT. May I come in?

WEL. Sure.

KIT. Is your talk all over?

WEL. Not for a month, but you can come in.

GRAN. Perhaps you'd better, Kittie. I have had a serious talk with Cousin Wellington and now I want to have a serious talk with Mr. Bedd.

KIT. Cott, grandma.

GRAN. Of course. I was sure it was sump'm to sleep on. Where is he?

KIT. Gone!

WEL. Gone? Where has he gone?

KIT. To enlist in the navy.

GRAN. Good for him. But I wanted to speak to him before he went.

KIT. It wasn't necessary; I spoke to him.

GRAN. You didn't say you'd marry him?

KIT. No, I told him exactly what you said and then I told him that I couldn't marry him.

WEL. Did you give him a reason?

KIT. Yes, I told him that I didn't love him. So he's left to join the navy. That's one thing I did for Uncle Sam anyway.

Enter MRS. W. from L., with telegram in her hand.

MRS. W. Grandma, a boy just brought a message for you.

GRAN. A message? What kind of a message?

MRS. W. A telegram. *(Hands it to her.)*

GRAN. The baby's took sick. Where's my specs? Read it to me, Kittie. *(Hands it to KIT.)*

(KIT. looks at it; a look of agony comes on her face; she trembles and hesitates.)

WEL. What is it, Kathleen?

GRAN. Tell me, don't keep me in suspense. I kin bear it. Why don't you tell me? (*Pause.*) It's from Ezry?

KIT. Yes. From the War Department.

GRAN. Not dead? My boy ain't dead?

KIT. No, grandma, he's wounded. (*Reads.*) "Private Ezra Gibbs wounded in battle September fifth. Resting well. Further reports will follow."

GRAN. Get me my things.

KIT. Where are you going?

GRAN. To my boy. I'm going to Ezry.

KIT. But you can't. He's thousands of miles away. Across the ocean. You must have patience and wait and trust.

GRAN. But he's wounded, my boy is wounded. (*Staggers.*) And I can't go to him to comfort him. Seems like I hear him calling to me, calling to his mother. Take me back home, Kittie; maybe I kin bear it better there. Take me back home!

CURTAIN

ACT III

SCENE.—*Interior of an American war hospital. Dark background, entrances R. and L. Five white cots of small size are arranged in a row at the back of the stage, the feet of the occupants toward the audience. Small stool stands by each cot. Bottles, glasses, flowers, oranges, etc., on the stools.*

(CORPORAL SHANNON sits in wheel chair at extreme L. front, his head swathed in white bandages. If the wheel chair is not available he may be in cot at extreme L. MISS BOYER, a Red Cross nurse, stands by him bandaging his right arm. MISS CUMMINGS sits on stool at extreme R. playing a guitar and singing to the occupant of Cot No. 1. The five cots are occupied by wounded soldiers. Cot No. 1 by a young boy, sitting up in cot, head and face completely hidden by bandages. No. 2, an older man fully dressed in uniform reclining on cot, his leg in bandages, a crutch beside him. No. 3, an old man in cot, a black patch over his left eye. No. 4, nothing visible but a pale still face and rigid form. No. 5, EZRA, gaunt and haggard and bearded, moaning and tossing about restlessly. He is delirious. MISS C. sings a quaint old Irish song while MISS B. bandages CORPORAL SHANNON. She finishes the song.)

COR. Sure, Sister, I thought I was in Paradise the while you were singing. It lifted the soul out of me intirely.

MISS C. Blarney, corporal, blarney.

COR. Not at all. Sure at home I always passed as a woman-hater, I did.

MISS B. Well, I hope we've altered your opinion a little.

COR. Altered it, is it? You've changed it intirely. I always looked wid scorn on me frinds who lost their hearts to a little bit of fluff, but sure this hospital business has opened me eyes to something new in women. Something I niver dreamed of at all, at all.

(MISS C. goes to No. 3 and writes a letter for him; he dictating in pantomime.)

EZRA (*raving*). At 'em, boys! At 'em. Charge! The white fog is everywhere. And, oh, the smell of it. (*Passionately.*) It ain't fog, it's the gas, the poison gas of the trenches. Oh!

(*Falls back on couch; MISS B. goes to him, gives him medicine.*)

COR. The poor fellow! Raving he is. He thinks he's facing the fire again out there.

EZRA. And, oh, the noise. The boom, boom, boom of the artillery!

COR. Sure 'twas enough to make a well man insane, let alone one wounded in the head.

(EZRA sleeps. MISS B. comes to COR.)

MISS B. I wonder who he is. No one has been able to identify either of them. They brought them in together, those two. (*Points to EZRA and No. 4.*) We've done what we could, but they're almost beyond human aid.

COR. Done what ye could? Yes, and more. As out of the mire and filth beautiful lilies bloom, so out of the hate and horror of war the deeds of service of the Red Cross nurse ever blossom forth with sweetness and fragrance.

(MISS C. goes to No. 4. Looks at him, starts, feels his heart, then takes his hand. It drops lifeless.)

MISS C. Sister!

MISS B. (*going to her*). Yes?

MISS C. It is over.

MISS B. I'll speak to the doctor.

[*Exit, R.*]

COR. Has he gone, Sister?

MISS C. Yes, and we never knew his name. His clothing and identification tag were torn from the body when he was picked up.

COR. I heard him speak a name once in his ravings. Let me see! He said it over and over, but it's gone from me entirely.

MISS C. Some poor mother or wife will be waiting for him, day by day looking for the letter, the message that will never come. Oh, it's pitiful.

COR. Gibbons—Gibson—something like that. Givings? No, Gibbs, that was the name. His name was Gibbs.

*Enter DOCTOR DAWSON from R., followed by MISS B.
He goes to No. 4.*

DOC. *(after examination, draws sheet over No. 4).* That makes fourteen today. *(Comes down to COR.)* Well, corporal, how are you feeling?

COR. A little better, doctor.

DOC. Sleep well?

COR. Like a top.

DOC. You'll be out next week.

COR. And back to the trenches, sir?

DOC. I don't know.

COR. I'm itchin' all over to git another whack at the Boches.

DOC. Sister, take him out and give him a little air. He's excited.

MISS C. Come along, corporal. *(Wheels him out L.)*

DOC. *(at cot No. 2).* Well, Higgins, how goes it? Let's feel the ankle. Hurts, eh? Sister and I will make it more comfortable. *(MISS C. and Doc. arrange bandages on his ankle.)* Miss Cummings, are you doing any more newspaper writing?

MISS C. Yes, doctor, I write two or three articles each week for the Associated Press. This idea of an American hospital is something new and they keep clamoring for more heart interest stories all the time.

(As she works.)

DOC. There is an old woman from a little country

town in Missouri who is searching through the hospitals for her son. She's visited the ambulances and the camps and has been through scenes that would have killed most women, and she's nearly seventy.

Miss C. Is she coming here?

Doc. Yes, she's in the operating room now. I had quite a talk with her. A quaint, motherly old soul. All she knows is that her boy was seriously wounded at the front and is in the hospital. She doesn't even know his regiment. She goes from cot to cot with a heart-breaking look of mingled agony and hope. What was the name of the poor lad there? (*Indicates No. 4.*)

Miss C. He's one of the unknown. Picked up on the field without a sign that might identify him.

Doc. Suppose he's her boy.

Miss C. It's hardly possible.

Doc. And yet it might be. I almost dread her coming. Something seems to tell me that she'll find him here, and that she arrived too late.

Miss C. (*wiping her eyes on apron*). These poor mothers almost break my heart. I'd rather face a cannon than these brave women, with their hope and courage and great sorrow.

Enter GRANDMA from R. Wild eyes, dusty feet, trembling hands and an expression of anguish. She pauses at door R.

GRAN. Kin I come in?

Doc. (*who has finished his work*). Certainly. (*Crosses to her.*) You'd better sit down a while and rest. You look all tired out.

GRAN. (*pathetically*). I am all tired out, mister. I can't hardly go no farther. I've hunted so long, so long. But I can't set down and rest. I dassent. It might be that in that very minute sump'm 'ud happen to my boy. My Ezry. He's the only son I got left, sir, and he's wounded—maybe dying. That's the thought that gives me courage to push on and on and on. I want to see him again, to hold him in my arms, to nurse him back to health. I want him, mister; I've got to find my boy.

(*Miss C. approaches her.*)

Doc. God grant you may.

Miss C. Amen to that, and grant that you won't be too late.

GRAN. Oh, I won't. God is good and I trust in His mercy. Wherever my boy is I'm goin' to find him and take him home.

Miss C. Where is your home?

GRAN. Out in the Ozark Mountains down in Missouri. I ain't been there fer three months, but Kittie is takin' care of the baby and the neighbors is all so good to us. Just like kinfolks. The judge himself give me the money to come up here. You see everybody down home knows my boy and they all love him. It ain't like in the city where everybody is strangers to everybody else. Down there we're all kinder bound together, jest like a big fambly—and they all want Ezry home agin. I've hunted fer him so long. Seems like I've been in ev'ry camp and ambulance and hospital in the world. (Miss C. *leads her to No. 1.*) Why, you're only a boy, ain't you? And it's your head that's hurt.

Miss C. Struck on the head with a piece of shrapnel. Totally blind.

GRAN. You poor boy. (*No. 1 extends his hand; GRAN. kisses it.*) God bless you and give you courage to bear your suffering. You're wounded but you'll git well and go back home to the mother who's waitin' fer you. How proud she'll be to know what you've done for your country. (*Goes to No. 2.*) And you, sir! (*Shakes hands with him.*) Hurt in the foot? Maybe you'll be lame fer life, but it's fer your country and your flag. You fought a good fight; may God comfort you. (*Goes to No. 3.*) I'm proud to meet you, sir. A man of your age to go to the front and fight fer us at home. (*Shakes hands with him.*) We're grateful to you, sir, every woman in America owes you her gratitude.

(*Starts to No. 4.*)

Doc. (*intercepting her*). Just a moment. There's no one there.

GRAN. (*clasping hands*). You mean he's ——

(*Pause.*)

Doc. Yes, he's gone to his reward. He died half an hour ago and we never learned his name.

GRAN. (*advancing a tottering step toward Doc.*). My boy's name is Gibbs, sir. Ezry Gibbs. He had a tag of identification. So it wouldn't be possible that —

(*Pauses, breaks down, weeps quietly.*)

Doc. Hardly possible. But sometimes the tags are lost. That was the case with that poor fellow. We never found his tag—we never learned his name.

GRAN. I've got to know. (*Goes to No. 4.*) God give me strength to learn the truth. (*To gather courage she puts hand on her heart, the other on her eyes.*) God help me! (*Pronounced pause, the others watching her breathlessly.*) I must look, I must look at him. (*Turns down sheet slowly, looks at No. 4. Tense pause.*)
GRAN. (*gives a long shivering sigh of relief.*) Not my son, thank God, but some mother's boy.

(*Kisses forehead and covers form with sheet.*)

EZRA (*rising up, speaks deliriously*). At 'em, boys! At 'em, boys! One, two, three, four, charge! The gas, the gas! The poison gas of the trench. (*Shrieks.*) Treachery, treachery!

GRAN. (*down L., stands as if petrified, then gives a loud scream and totters toward him*). Ezry! Ezry, it's my boy! I've found my boy! (*Grasps him in her arms.*)

EZRA. Mother! I knew you'd come to me, I knew you'd come to me!

GRAN. Thank God, thank God!

CURTAIN

(SECOND PICTURE, DOC. attending EZRA. GRAN. kneeling by cot praying. All others watching them with great interest.)

Doc. He has recovered his reason. The shock of seeing his mother has helped him more than an operation. He will recover.

GRAN. I'm going to take you home, Ezry, I'm going to take you home!

CURTAIN

ACT IV

SCENE.—*The same as Act I.*

(KIT. is discovered trimming the stage with festoons of green and holly bunches, humming a bright little song. Knock heard at door L. KIT. opens it and discovers LOR. dressed in winter clothes, hat and muff.)

LOR. Merry Christmas, Kittie.

KIT. The same to you and many of 'em. Oh, 'Retta, that was the loveliest present. You were just a dear to remember me.

LOR. (*helping KIT. with greens*). And the towels and pillow slips you gave me! Oh, Kittie, they were just what I wanted.

KIT. Getting all ready for the wedding, are you?

LOR. Not quite yet. We're not going to be married until spring. And maybe not then, if Ezra takes it into his head to go back in the army.

KIT. Oh, the war will be over by spring. At least I hope so.

LOR. Has the baby seen the tree?

KIT. No, but it's all ready. Grandma will bring him in as soon as he's dressed. Isn't it pretty?

(*Referring to small Christmas tree.*)

LOR. Lovely. What a happy Christmas this is for you and me, Kittie. You back from the city and Ezra home again.

KIT. Oh, yes, the family circle is all complete.

LOR. Have you ever heard anything more from Mr. Cott?

KIT. No, only what I read in the paper. He's been promoted to ensign. I reckon he won't answer my last

letter. It wasn't any use, Loretta. I'm afraid I never was cut out for the wife of a city millionaire.

LOR. How about a country millionaire? If the price of wheat and hogs goes up any higher Happy Jim Hankins will almost be in that class.

KIT. Happy Jim doesn't care for me any more, 'Retta.

LOR. Nonsense. He's just plain bashful, that's all.

KIT. He didn't used to be that way.

LOR. He's afraid of you since you made your debut into city society. When he saw that full-page picture of you in the Sunday paper it 'most scared him into connip-tion fits, and he's never been brave around you since. He thinks you're a kind of an angel, or something like that.

KIT. Well, I am—(*pause, then speaks mischievously*) something like that.

LOR. Kittie, you mustn't be vain. As I am to be your aunt-in-law some day I might just as well begin to tell you your faults.

KIT. I haven't any faults. That is—not very big ones. Just little, teeny, tinsey ones.

Enter LIZ. and BUB from L.

LIZ. Oh! look at the Christmas tree. Ain't it pretty?

BUB. Ain't got very much on it. See what I got for Christmas. (*Holds up skates.*)

LIZ. Me, too. (*Holds up skates.*) Santa Claus brung me mine.

BUB. Brung me mine, too.

LIZ. And candy and oranges and nuts and a doll baby and lots of things.

BUB. Me, too. And a big twain of cars.

LIZ. We et up all our things at our house so we come over here to see what you'd got.

BUB. We et a lot, but we've got heaps of room fer more. (*Extends sweater in front.*)

LOR. Why, Bub McBride, I never saw such manners. Ain't you ashamed of yourself?

BUB. Nope.

KIT. Don't scold them on Christmas Day, 'Retta. You and Lizzie shall have anything we've got, Bub.

LIZ. And we want Uncle Ezry to tell us a story about the war.

BUB. Yep, and 'bout the cowboys and the Injuns. I like that kind, too.

LOR. I think I'll go out and see if I can help grandma.

LIZ. Me, too. Maybe she'll let me stone the raisins.

LOR. You'd eat more'n you'd stone. You'd better take Bub and run home, Lizzie. [Exit, R.

LIZ. I guess she ain't my boss, even if she is my big sister. Say, Kittie, can I take the baby out and show him how to skate?

KIT. Mercy, no, Lizzie. He's only a year and a half old. He couldn't skate.

LIZ. Humph, I could skate when I was littler'n that.

BUB. Me, too.

KIT. (*giving each a pop-corn ball from tree*). Now, how do you like that?

LIZ. Pretty good. But I wisht it was bigger.

BUB. Me, too.

(*Group of very small children heard singing some simple Christmas song off stage at R. KIT., LIZ. and BUB go to door or window and listen to them. They sing one stanza and chorus.*)

LIZ. All the kids in the village are outside, Kittie.

KIT. Tell them to come in and see the Christmas tree.

LIZ. (*at door*). All you kids kin come in if you want to. Come in and get a warm. They've got a Christmas tree.

(*Children enter from one door, and GRAN., LOR. and EZRA from the other. GRAN. has baby in her arms. EZRA walks with crutch and has his head bandaged.*)

GRAN. It's the children. Ain't they sweet? The laugh of a little child is like an Easter lily to me, a growing Easter lily, pure and white with the dew of innocence still on it. No wonder the Master said "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

KIT. There's the tree.

(*Distributes candy, pop-corn, etc., to children. Chil-*

dren sing another stanza and chorus, dancing around the tree.)

LIZ. Now, Uncle Ezra, tell us a story.

EZRA (*seated c.*). All right, young 'uns, set down. (*They group about him on the floor.*) Once upon a time there was a king —

LIZ. Oh, don't tell us about no king. Tell us about the soldiers and the war.

BUB. Tell us about the fightin'.

EZRA. Well, once upon a time there was a feller 'bout my size who went off to war.

BUB. Did he git killed?

EZRA. Purty near, Bub, but not quite. He sailed away on a big ship and went over to France. When he was on the ship his bunkie was promoted.

LIZ. What's a bunkie?

EZRA. Feller that sleeps in the same tent with you.

LIZ. Oh, I thought it was sump'm like a monkey.

EZRA. Well, my bunkie died and I got a new one. And he was a fine feller, too. Boy named Ritter from Tippecanoe City, Ohio. Him and me got to be great pals. Then at last we landed in France and marched to the fightin' line. We had a pretty easy time at first, gittin' trained ready to fight, but we kept gittin' gradually nearer and nearer to the front of the battle lines and at last we landed in the trenches. The enemy wasn't more'n a mile away. First they'd come out of their holes and fight and then we'd git right back at 'em, and all the time the aeroplanes was flyin' above like great big eagles, and droppin' down bombs and shootin' off machine guns.

LIZ. Oh, my, wasn't that dangerous? They might 'a' hit some one.

EZRA. That's jest what they aimed to do, honey. We stayed there fer about four months and we had some pretty hot scraps. I got hit by a bit of shrapnel two er three times and my pal Ritter caught trench fever. Then one day we got into a reg'lar sure-enough hand-to-hand battle. Fightin' and cuttin' and slashin' and shootin' right and left. Big guns a-boomin', snipers a-snipin' and men bein' shot down like hail. We fought from

sunup till long after sundown, first one side gittin' ahead and then the other. I got lost from my pal Ritter and couldn't see him nowheres. Then the enemy began to retreat, backward they went, inch by inch, fighting and firing as they hopped into their holes.

LIZ. Oh, our side won! We won, didn't we, Uncle Ezra?

EZRA. Yes, honey, we won. I was rushin' along like mad firin' and runnin' and sweatin' when all of a sudden I saw my pal. They had him down, two of 'em—they were just ready to kill him when he saw me and shouted, "Gibbs! Gibbs! Help, help!"

LIZ. And did you help him?

EZRA. You bet I did. I jumped toward 'em and just as I was going to shoot one of the enemy who held him a machine gun began to rattle! Shells of shrapnel were flyin' in the air and all of us was knocked plumb clean crazy. That's all I remember till I saw mother in the hospital. I must have been out of my head two or three months. And so was my pal. He was in the hospital next cot to mine, but he died. And I'd 'a' died too, if it hadn't been fer mother.

GRAN. God was good, Ezry. He sent me to you that day. The doctor and the nurses thought that the man who died was you because in his ravings he always hollered "Gibbs! Gibbs!" So they naturally thought that was his name. But it wasn't. I've got my boy back home again.

LIZ. But you'll lose him when he marries my sister, won't you?

LOR. Lizzie, I'm ashamed.

LIZ. I think you'd orter be. I heard you and Ezry in our parlor last Sunday night.

LOR. Why, Lizzie! That wasn't Ezry. It was just our kith and kin.

LIZ. Yes, it was kith and kin, all right. He said, "Kin I kith you?" and you said "You kin!"

(All laugh.)

GRAN. Lizzie, you'd better take the children out in the side lot and see the snow man. Happy Jim Hankins

made him this morning. He's got a hat and a pipe and everything.

LIZ. Oh, grandma, that'll be fine. Come on, Bub. (*Children go to door.*) You kin all come.

(*Children run out.*)

GRAN. Cheer up, Loretty, it ain't nothing to be ashamed of. Honest love is the law of life. It's God given, honey. You orter be proud of it.

LOR. I am, grandma, and I'm proud of Ezra, too.

GRAN. I should think you would be. This is the happiest Christmas I've ever known since poor Mary went away. My boy is with me and Kittie's home again and Mike Hannigan dead and in his grave. Poor Mike! He wasn't what you'd call a good man, but he answered his country's call and died at the front, like a hero. The baby need never be ashamed of his father now. His noble death wiped out all the sins of his life.

EZRA. Kittie, how'd you like to go back to the city for a visit to Cousin Wellington again?

KIT. No, siree, bob. The country's plenty good enough for me.

EZRA. I thought you'd marry one of them rich city millionaires; you used to write me about a man named Cott.

KIT. He's in the navy now and proving himself a good fellow. But I don't 'low I'll ever get married. I reckon I'm cut out for an old maid.

(*Sleigh bells heard in distance*)

LOR. Not while Happy Jim Hankins is alive.

KIT. Now, 'Retty!

LOR. Did he give you a Christmas present, Kittie?

KIT. Of course not. That proves that he's forgotten all about me. He never even called me up on the telephone to wish me a merry Christmas.

(*Bells heard nearer, then they suddenly stop right outside.*)

JIM (*outside*). Whoa, there, Dobbin! Whoa! Hello, anybody at home?

EZRA. That's Happy Jim now. Never give you a Christmas present, eh? I reckon he's brought it with him. Come on, mother, Loretta and me's goin' to have a game of checkers in the kitchen and we'll let you be the umpire. *(They go out laughing.)*

(KIT. opens the other door, admitting JIM all wrapped up in muffler, mittens, cap and overcoat.)

JIM. Merry Christmas, Kittie.

(Takes off cap and shakes snow from it in wood-box.)

KIT. Same to you, Jim.

JIM. It's gittin' colder'n blue and purple blazes outside. I reckon my nose is almost friz off'n my face.

(Removes muffler, etc.)

KIT. I didn't expect you over to-day, Jim. You've acted right queer lately. I hope we haven't offended you.

JIM. I should say not. I've just been kinder busy, that's all. I own my own store now and it keeps me hustling.

KIT. I thought maybe there was an attraction at the other end of town.

JIM. Meaning who?

KIT. Well, Bella Spindle lives over there.

JIM. I ain't seen Bella in a coon's age.

KIT. It's been almost that long since you've been to see me. I might just as well have stayed in the city.

JIM. Now, don't say that, Kittie. Why, I'm awful pleased to have you here in Splinterville. Honest I am.

KIT. You don't show it.

JIM. Well, I'm goin' to, if you'll only give me time.

KIT. Time? I've been home nearly a year now. And I'm getting old, Jim.

JIM. That's right, we're both getting older every day.

KIT. *(indignantly)*. I'm not so very old, Jim Hankins. I meant that I was old enough to get married.

JIM. You ain't thinking about that, are you?

KIT. Um-umph! Got some of my wedding clothes made!

JIM. Kittie! You ain't going to marry one of them city fellers, are you?

KIT. No, he doesn't live in the city.

JIM. It ain't old Deacon Sassafrass, is it?

KIT. That giddy old flirt? Well, I guess not.

JIM. Not Parson Petty?

KIT. With his six young Petties? Not for Kittie.

JIM. Is it Charley Chalmers? He's the richest young feller in town. Got an automobile and everything.

KIT. I'm not marrying an automobile, Jim.

JIM. Well, I give it up.

KIT. (*crossing to R.*). It ain't nothing to you who it is, Jim Hankins. You wouldn't care anyway.

JIM (*following her*). Care? Why, don't you know, Kittie, don't you know, I—I —

(*Chokes, then coughs.*)

KIT. (*coming a little toward him*). What were you going to say, Jim?

JIM. I—I —

(*Looks at her; gulps; swallows. Pronounced pause.*)

KIT. Well, say it.

JIM. I was going to say that I—that we—you and me — (*Looks at her.*) That is, both of us — (*She looks at him.*) You know — (*To audience.*) Gosh, I can't do it when she's looking at me.

KIT. (*close to him*). Well, what?

JIM (*gathering courage*). Well, I—that is, I was going to say—about gittin' married, you know. If you do I'll (*desperately*) give you a nice dish-pan fer a wedding present, right out of the store. (*Aside.*) Darn the luck.

KIT. (*angrily*). You can keep your old dish-pan, Jim Hankins, until I ask you for it. I'm not wanting a dish-pan. And I must say that for a man as old as you are, I never saw one who had as little spunk. Not to mention sand.

JIM (*meekly*). Yes, ma'am. (*Comes to her.*) Now, Kittie —

KIT. Don't you Kittie me! (*He retreats.*) Dish-pan indeed! The idea!

JIM. This is Christmas, Kittie; you shouldn't get so mad.

KIT. You're enough to try the patience of a saint, and goodness knows I'm no saint.

JIM. I was just going to tell you something.

KIT. What is it? Another dish-pan?

JIM (*smiling*). Nope. I'm going to get married myself. Got the engagement ring and everything.

KIT. Oh, indeed? To Bella Spindle, I suppose?

JIM. Nope. Bella's a nice girl, but she looks like a lead pencil. If she ever tried to drink lemonade she's so thin that she'd slip through the straw and fall in.

KIT. Who is it then? Huldy Higgins?

JIM. Nope, it ain't Huldy.

KIT. Maybe it's Samanthly Snapp. I saw her looking at you in the store the other day.

JIM. It ain't no old maid, Kittie. It's a young girl. Young and pretty.

KIT. (*coming to him*). Have you got the ring?

JIM. Sure.

KIT. (*holding out hand*). Then you can put it on.

JIM. What!

KIT. I just wanted to see if it would fit.

JIM. Kittie, will you marry me?

KIT. I dunno. (*Pause, he looks at her.*) Mebbe.

(*Holds out her left hand wriggling all the fingers.*)

JIM (*taking ring from box, polishes it on his sleeve; shows it to her*). There!

KIT. Oh, ain't it a beauty? Is it a diamond?

JIM. If it ain't I'm skinned out of three dollars. Which finger'll I put it on?

KIT. The latest style is the third finger of the left hand.

JIM. I got you. (*Counts from little finger.*) One, two, three. (*Kisses middle finger.*)

KIT. Wait, that's not the one. Count the other way.

JIM (*counting from the thumb*). One, two, three. And there she is.

(Wriggles her middle finger.)

KIT. No, no, that's the same finger.

JIM. I thought it looked kinder familiar.

KIT. This is the proper finger.

JIM *(putting ring on)*. And this is the proper caper.

(Kisses her.)

Enter GRAN.

GRAN. *(throwing up her hands in astonishment)*.
Good land of liberty!

KIT. It's all right, grandma, we're engaged.

GRAN. *(calling)*. Loretty, Ezry, come here and bring the baby. Kittie and Jim are engaged.

JIM. I hope you ain't got no objections, grandma!

GRAN. Lord bless you, boy. Of course I ain't. I hope you two will be as happy all your life as I am to-day.

Enter LOR. and EZRA with baby.

LOR. Grandma, a whole bunch of folks is drivin' up the lane.

KIT. Listen, they're serenading us.

(Sleigh bells outside. Then singing heard, "Jingle Bells," or some other winter song. They sing one verse and chorus. Then all come in, with children, dressed in winter clothing.)

GRAN. Merry Christmas, folks; come right in.

SAM. It's a surprise party for you, grandma, for you and Ezry.

GRAN. Oh, my boy's home again. I'm so happy I could just sing the Doxology all day long.

SAM. We'll all sing it.

ALL *(sing)*.

Praise God from Whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

SLOW CURTAIN

THE BOY SCOUTS

A Play for Boys in Three Acts

By Walter Ben Hare

Twenty males. Scenery, unimportant; costumes, scout and modern. Plays two hours. Worth refuses to vote for Tony as a new scout because the latter is poor, but Tony shows in the end that he is a true scout and wins his election. This simple motive underlies lots of characteristic fun and stunts, and offers as a whole a very vigorous and sympathetic picture of the Boy Scout practices, motives, and ideals. Strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

STEWART NIPPER, *known as Nip.*

FRED TUCK, *known as Tuck.*

DICK RANDOLPH, *the patrol leader.*

WORTHINGTON LEONARD, *a rich boy.*

TONY ARDIS, *a poor boy.*

JAKIE STEIN, *with business instincts.*

CHUBBY CHILDS, *who don't care if he is fat.*

WATERMELON JACKSON, *a lazy coon.*

MRS. WATERMELON JACKSON, *and her seven little coons. (May be omitted.)*

LIPPY SCUDDER, *who thinks he's a hero.*

BUB WALDRON, *going on seven.*

JACK HALL, *assistant patrol leader.*

PLUPY HIGGINS, *who likes to study.*

LEE WALDRON, *some athlete.*

TOM REDWAY, *who plays the piano.*

SHORTY, HARRY, CHARLEY, WILL and FRANK, *other Boy Scouts.*

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—The meeting of the Boy Scouts of America. Nip and Tuck.

ACT II.—A rehearsal in the gym. The stunts of the Scouts.

ACT III.—Same as Act I. Swearing in the new tenderfoot.

AUNT ABIGAIL AND THE BOYS

A Farce in One Act

By Lillie Fuller Merriam

Nine males, two females. Scene, an interior; costumes, modern. Plays one hour. Aunt Abigail, who hates boys, visits Gerald in college and finding him dressed in female costume for theatricals takes him for his sister Geraldine. Things are badly mixed up when his friends turn up and see the situation, but in the end Aunty is wholly cured of her dislike for the "boys." Lively and amusing; recommended for schools.

Price, 15 cents

TEDDY, OR, THE RUNAWAYS

A Comedy in Three Acts

By Walter Ben Hare

*(Originally produced at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York City,
February 16, 1912.)*

Four males, four females. Scenery, a single interior ; costumes, modern. Plays two and a quarter hours. An eloping couple take refuge with the Junipers when their auto breaks down. The lady explains that they are being pursued by her brothers, so when a sheriff and posse arrive in pursuit of two thieves, Mrs. Juniper locks them down cellar to let the lovers escape. The sheriff gets out and arrests the Junipers whom he accuses of being the thieves. It finally appears that the lady is an authoress and that she and her husband are posing as thieves in order to get material for a novel. Full of action ; characters all good ; lots of comedy ; strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

JEAN MACLEAN, *Little Miss Fixit.*

MRS. JUNIPER, *a Young Wife.*

VICTORIA, *the Girl in the Taxi.*

TEXANA, *the Girl of the Golden West.*

MAX JUNIPER, *the Perplexed Husband.*

ALONZO WILLING, *the Fortune Hunter.*

TED KEEGAN, *the Man on the Box.*

SHERIFF JIM LARRABEE, *Officer 666.*

Two Deputy Sheriffs

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Living room at Max Juniper's house on a Texas ranch. Spring time.

ACT II.—Same as Act I. The great diamond robbery.

ACT III.—Same as Acts I and II. The thunderbolt.

WANTED—A PITCHER

A Farce in One Act

By M. N. Beebe

Eleven males. Scenery not important ; costumes, modern. Plays half an hour. Hank Dewberry, the crack pitcher of the home nine, is kept from the championship game by his skinflint father who wants him to do the haying. Hank's friends try to find a substitute pitcher, with humorous but unsatisfactory results. The elder Dewberry finally releases Hank when one of the players shows him how to win the county championship at checkers, on which he sets his heart. Hebrew, Irish, Italian and "hayseed" comedy character parts. Recommended.

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Costumes, modern; scenery, all interiors.
Plays a full evening.

THE PROFLIGATE Play in Four Acts. Seven males, five
females. Scenery, three interiors, rather
elaborate; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS Farce in Three Acts. Nine males,
seven females. Acts. Costumes, mod-
ern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY Play in Four Acts.
Eight males, five
females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a
full evening.

SWEET LAVENDER Comedy in Three Acts. Seven males,
four females. Scene, a single interior,
costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE THUNDERBOLT Comedy in Four Acts. Ten males,
nine females. Scenery, three interi-
ors; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE TIMES Comedy in Four Acts. Six males, seven females.
Scene, a single interior; costumes, modern. Plays
a full evening.

THE WEAKER SEX Comedy in Three Acts. Eight males,
eight females. Costumes, modern;
scenery, two interiors. Plays a full evening.

A WIFE WITHOUT A SMILE Comedy in Three Acts.
Five males, four females.
Costumes, modern; scene, a single interior. Plays a full evening.

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SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER Comedy in Five Acts. Fifteen males, four females. Scenery varied; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

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